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MR. AND MRS. SPURGEON.

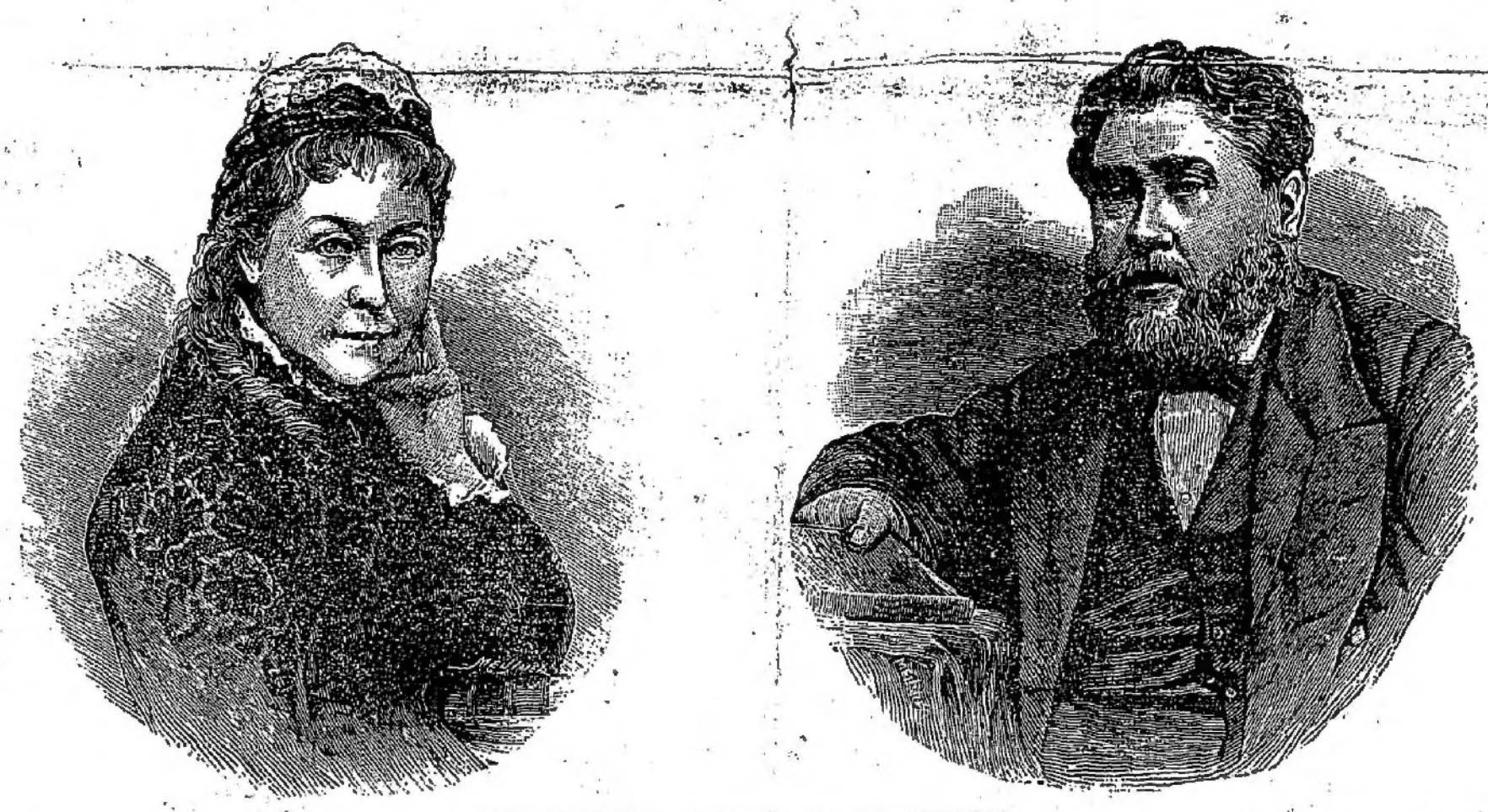
No living preacher has moved and had his being in such a bright blaze of world-wide publicity as the famous pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, whose portrait, with that of Mrs. Spurgeon, we give. To attempt any adequate sketch of his unique career within the narrow limits of our space would be almost to insult the intelligence of our readers. Nor is it needful that we should essay such a hopeless task. Paying the penalty of greatness, Mr. Spurgeon's every public act, outside of the merest daily routine, has for many years been faithfully chronicled by the Press, sacred and secular alike. He is as much a public possession, and his history during later years has been as familiar to the reading community as that of the august lady who sits on the throne of these realms.

To our younger readers, however, a few details of Mr. Spurgeon's early life and ministry will probably be acceptable and full of interest. He comes of a staunch, Puritan stock, and is the greatest of a long unbroken line of preachers, that bids fair to stretch down the vista of the future—as far, we may hope, as it does backward into the past. "The great grandfather of Pastor Spurgeon," says Mr. Stevenson, in his excellent sketch of the Pastor's "Life and Work," published recently, "was a pious man, and ordered his household according to the will of God. From that day to this their family has never wanted a man to stand before God in the service of the sanctuary." It is a most interesting and well-known fact, which may, however, be here put on record, that three generations of preaching Spurgeons are at this moment engaged in that service—Pastor Spurgeon's father, his brother, his two sons, and himself.

The Essex village of Kelvedon has the honor of being the birthplace of C. H. Spurgeon. After a childhood and boyhood of singular promise, we find him, at the age of fifteen or thereabouts, as usher in a school at Newmarket. There, and at that early age, he espoused and publicly professed the Baptist principles with which his ministry has been so conspicuously identified. The story of his conversion, which took place shortly before, is told with some fulness in Mr. Stevenson's book, in Mr. Spurgeon's own words. Suffice it to say that after six months' soul anxiety, as deep as that which is recorded of another famous Puritan—John Bunyan—he chanced one snowy Sunday to enter a Primitive Methodist Chapel in the town of Colchester. There he heard a sermon from the words, "Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth," which was instrumentally the messenger of peace to his soul, and started him on that narrow way into which, by voice and printed page, he has allured so many thousands of his fellow-mortals. Evangelists, who would illustrate the simplicity of God's way of salvation, could not do better than make frequent use of this incident, fraught with such far-reaching issues in the religious history of this century.

The story of Mr. Spurgeon's first public discourse has often been told, but we may re-tell it briefly in his own words, spoken in 1873. In introducing the text, "Unto you therefore which believe He is precious," he said:—"I remember well that more than twenty-two years ago the first attempted sermon that I ever made was from this text. I had been asked to walk out to the village of Taverham, about four miles from Cambridge, where I then lived, to accompany a young man whom I supposed to be the preacher for the evening, and on the way I said to him I trusted God would bless him in his labors. 'Oh dear,' said he, 'I never preached in my life; I never thought of doing such a thing. I was asked to walk with you, and I sincerely hope God will bless you in your preaching.' 'Nay,' said I, 'but I never preached, and I don't know that I could do anything of the sort.' We walked together till we came to the place, my inmost soul being all in a trouble as to what would happen. When we found the congregation assembled, and no one else there to speak of Jesus, though I was only sixteen years of age, as I found I was expected to preach, I did preach, and from the text I have just given." There are many to-day who would like to read that sermon, but the youthful preacher, in his round jacket and turn-down collar, had not then made a practical acquaintance with the stenographic fraternity, and so, we presume, his first sermon lives only in the memories of those who heard it, and in the wonderful ministry which has been its outcome.

After a short but markedly successful pastorate at Waterbeach, also near Cambridge, begun in his eighteenth year, Mr. Spurgeon was invited, after trial, to take a few months' supply at the Baptist Church, New Park-street, Southwark. This had been one of the most ancient, and formerly one of the most influential churches of that denomination in the metropolis; in the good providence of God it was destined to see days of prosperity and success before which its past would fade into insignificance, as the light of the pale moon vanishes at the rising of the sun. The letter of Mr. Spurgeon, in which he formally accepted the unanimous call to the pastorate after a three months' probation, appears in Mr. Stevenson's sketch, and a very remarkable production it is for a young man of scarce twenty



REV. CHARLES H. SPURGEON AND MRS. SPURGEON.

years old ; it has in it all "the promise and potency" of his subsequent career. From the same source we quote the following paragraphs, which will suffice to tell all that need be told as to one feature of Mr. Spurgeon's London ministry, which has now extended over a period of nearly thirty-two years :—

"Before three months of the new pastorate had expired, the fame of the young minister had spread over the metropolis ; crowds of people flocked to his chapel at every service, and the newspapers week by week for some time were asking, Who is this Spurgeon? For a long time that question was a puzzle to many minds ; but one thing was certain, he had secured the ear and the attention of the public, who waited upon his ministry by thousands.

"From the commencement of his labors in the metropolis he had a happy manner of turning to good account passing events. Great national events, royal marriages, deaths, or public calamities, furnished in their turn subjects on which he spoke, and out of which he drew lessons of practical good for his hearers. This disposition he manifested before his sermons began to be regularly published. In the autumn of his first year's pastorate he preached a sermon from the words, 'Is it not wheat harvest to-day?' The sermon attracted attention, was much talked about by his hearers, and during the following week it appeared in the *Penny Pulpit*, under the title of 'Harvest Time,' and had a large sale. This led the publisher shortly afterwards to print another of his sermons, under the title of 'God's Providence.' The public at once took to his sermons, and by the end of the year about a dozen had been issued. This greatly increased his popularity, for many who had not heard him read those sermons, were interested in them, and soon found opportunity to go and hear him. The demand for his sermons being considerably greater than for the sermons of other ministers then being published, Mr. Spurgeon made arrangements with the first friend he met in London, who was a printer, and a member of his church, to commence the publication of one sermon of his every week, beginning with the new year, 1855. Through the good providence of God the sermons have appeared continuously, week by week, without interruption, with a steady, improving, and large circulation, which is in itself a marked indication, of divine favor. No other minister the world has ever known has been able to produce one printed sermon weekly for so many years. The work still goes on with unabated favor and unceasing interest. Their present sale is 25,000 copies weekly."

How, through good and ill report, the fame of the young preacher spread far and wide ; how, in 1856, he was married ; how the New Park-street Chapel, though enlarged, soon became altogether inadequate to hold the congregations that flocked to hear him ; how he preached to vast multitudes, now in Exeter Hall and anon in the Surrey Gardens Music Hall, besides filling engagements in all parts of the country ; how the great Tabernacle in Newington-causeway was built, paid for, and opened in 1861 ; how the Pastors' College arose and flourished, and sent forth its preachers ; how the metropolitan Tabernacle gradually became the centre of the manifold and varied Christian activities that now cluster around it ; how Mr. Spurgeon blossomed into an editor and a most voluminous author, as well as the first preacher of his generation ; how his two sons were thrust into the work of the Gospel ministry, and his wife founded and developed her marvellous "Book Fund ;"—all these, and many other matters, are succinctly set forth in the book to which we have referred ; in the Pastor's own illustrated history of the Metropolitan Tabernacle ; and in other works.

Quite a library of Spurgeonic literature has arisen, all of it marked by the strong characteristics of the illustrious author. The publishers' catalogue is before us and if we begin to particularise we shall scarce know where to stop. In the region of "Homiletics" we have the thirty volumes of the "Tabernacle Pulpit," besides many volumes of selected sermons. We have several extracted volumes of "Illustrations for Preachers and Teachers," and yet others of "Gems" and "Gleanings." There are his well-known companion devotional books, "Morning by Morning" and "Evening by Evening," and also his "Interpreter," all of them prized in many a Christian household. There are his four volumes of "Lectures to Students." There are his popular "Talks" and "Pictures" by "John Ploughman." There is the monthly *Sword and Trowel*, in which the editor's fresh and breezy utterances are always a chief attraction. And, lastly, passing over many minor publications, there is Mr. Spurgeon's *magnum opus*, "The Treasury of David," of which the seventh and last volume has lately gone forth. As we scan the catalogue our wonderment grows at the exceeding magnitude and multiplicity of the works that God has enabled this one man to write, and plan, and perform. We can only say, This also cometh from the Lord, who is mighty in counsel and excellent in working.

For the wonderful story of Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund we must refer the reader to the most pathetic and beautiful records of that work published annually for the last few years by Messrs. Passmore & Alabaster (6d. each). It deserves a whole article to itself, but these fascinating volumes are within the reach of all.

To the deep sorrow of all who know him, personally or by reputation, Mr. Spurgeon has been a great sufferer these past years from a painful rheumatic affection that sometimes lays him completely prostrate. He has lately been sojourning under the sunny skies of Southern France, seeking restoration and fresh supplies of health for future service. That restoration, we rejoice to say, has been in a measure granted, and next Sunday he hopes to stand once more in his accustomed place.—*The Christian.*

MANCHESTER'S SINGING BEACH.

Everybody has heard of the singing beach at Manchester, Mass., the sand of which for a distance of about a fifth of a mile gives out a sound when walked upon or even when stirred by a stick ; but it is not so generally known that in 1884 inquiry among the superintendents of the life-saving service showed that samples of the singing sand could be found in twenty-six different places on our coast. It is said that later investigation has increased the number to seventy-four in America and thirteen abroad. At Manchester an experiment showed that the sound evoked from the sand by driving a stick into it could be heard at a distance of one hundred and forty feet over the roar of the surf. Professors Bolton, of Trinity College, and Julien, of Columbia, have been making a study of the subject, and their conclusions are thus given : "The singing sand may occur in comparatively small patches in the midst of ordinary sand ; it always occurs between the limits of high and low tide ; the same sand does not produce sounds at all seasons, nor does it always give forth like sounds ; when wet it does not emit sounds. Samples when transported in bags lost their sonorousness, but retained it when sent in bottles." The leading theory is that the sound is produced by friction between the angular particles, and the conditions are believed by Professor Julien to be perfect dryness, uniformity of grain, varying from one-fifth to one-tenth of an inch in diameter, and freedom from dust.—*Buffalo Courier.*

GORDON'S HALF HOUR.

We have the feeling more and more strongly, says *The Congregationalist*, that no man or woman can possibly be too busy to stop and commune with God by prayer. We would not say that there never is a case where the omission of family prayer is excusable, but certainly such cases must always be exceedingly rare, for, if need be, such service can be had devoutly and properly in but a very short space of time. At a funeral service held in England for Gen. Gordon, the speaker gave the following statement of that good man's faithfulness to his times of daily communion with God :

There was each morning, during his journey in the Soudan, one half hour during which there lay outside Charles George Gordon's tent a handkerchief, and the whole camp knew the full significance of that small token ; and most religiously was it respected by all there, whatever was their color, creed or business. No foot dared to enter the tent so guarded. No message, however pressing, was carried in ; whatever it was, of life or death, it had to wait until the guardian signal was removed. Every one knew that God and Gordon were alone in there together, that the servant prayed and communed, and that the Master heard and answered. Into the heart so opened the presence of God came down ; into the life so offered the strength of God was poured ; so that strange power was given to Gordon because his heart became the dwelling-place of God.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON VII.—NOVEMBER 14.

PETER RESTORED.—John 21 : 4-19.

COMMIT VERSES 14-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He saith unto him, feed my lambs.—John 21 : 15.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The work of the disciples is to draw men to the Gospel, and care for them in the Gospel.

DAILY READINGS.

M. John 21 : 1-19.
T. John 21 : 20-25.
W. Matt. 28 : 16-20.
Th. Luke 24 : 50-53.
F. 1 Cor. 15 : 1-8.
Sa. Acts 1 : 1-11.
Su. Luke 5 : 1-11.

TIME.—*Soon after April 16, A.D. 30.*

PLACE.—The northern shore of the Sea of Galilee, near Capernaum, or Bethsaida.

INTRODUCTION.—Not long after the last lesson the eleven disciples went up into Galilee (Matt. 28 : 16), as the Lord had sent word to them through the angel's message by the women (Matt. 28 : 7). While waiting for the appointed time, seven of them go a-fishing in the Sea of Galilee, as they used to years before. They plied their nets all night, but caught nothing.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

4. KNEW NOT THAT IT WAS JESUS: (1) the light was dim, it being at daybreak ; (2) they did not expect Him there. 5. MEAT : food to go with bread, usually fish. 7. DISCIPLE WHOM JESUS LOVED: John. NAKED: having on only his undergarment. CAST HIMSELF INTO THE SEA; to swim quickly to the shore. 8. TWO HUNDRED CUBITS: 300 to 350 feet. 11. SIMON PETER WENT UP : into the boat. 12. DINE : breakfast. 14. THIRD TIME : to the disciples in a body, when John was present. It was the seventh, including those to individuals. 15. MORE THAN THESE : than these other disciples love me. In the first two questions, Jesus uses a word for love, meaning a thoughtful, reverential affection, involving choice, the word always used in speaking of our love to God. In all his answers, Peter uses another word, expressing a more emotional, instinctive, personal love. He knew he felt this love. In the third question, Jesus uses Peter's word. FEED MY LAMBS : the children, the youth of the Church. 16. FEED : rather shepherd, a different word from the others, translated feed. It means not only feed, but watch over, care for. 17. THIRD TIME : to remind Peter of his three denials, and the perfect forgiveness implied in trusting His sheep to his care. 19. SIGNIFYING BY WHAT DEATH : crucifixion.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The visit to Galilee.—The night of toil without Jesus.—*The success in obedience to Jesus' word.*—Pastors and teachers as fishers of men.—The assurance of love.—Love to Jesus, and work for Him.—Pastors and teachers as shepherds.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where were the disciples in our last lesson? Where did they go soon after? (v. 1; Matt. 28 : 16.) Why did they go there? (Matt. 27 : 7.) How many went to Galilee? What did some of them do while they were waiting? (vs. 2, 3.)

SUBJECT: TWO KINDS OF WORK FOR JESUS.

I. FIRST KIND OF WORK, TYPIFIED BY FISHERMEN (vs. 4-14).—How many went a-fishing? How long did they toil in vain? Who met them in the morning? Why did they not know who it was? What advice did He give them? What was their success? How did this cause them to know who He was? What similar experience had they had three years before? (Luke 5 : 1-11.) What did Peter do? Why? What did Jesus do when they came ashore?

What did Jesus mean to teach them by this incident? In what respects was their work like that of a fisherman? What lessons can you learn from fishers, as to bringing men to Jesus? What could the disciples learn from their toiling all night in vain without Jesus? What by their success in obedience to His word? When was this fulfilled to them? (Acts 1 : 4; 2 : 41.)

II. SECOND KIND OF WORK, TYPIFIED BY SHEPHERDS (vs. 15-19).—What question did Jesus ask Peter? How many times did He ask it? Why? What was Peter's reply? What three commands did Jesus lay upon Peter? *Who are meant by lambs here? By sheep?* What is it to feed them? Why are lambs mentioned first? Can those who love Jesus best work for Him? Will working for Him increase our love? What other things must a shepherd do for his flock besides feeding them? How may you know whether you belong to Jesus' flock?

Why were these things said to Peter rather than to the others? Why does Jesus call him Simon and not Peter? How would this questioning comfort and help Peter? Was he a different man ever after this? How was he to follow Jesus?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. Jesus often comes to us while performing our daily duties.

II. The Christian is to be like a fisherman, in that (1) he is to catch men ; (2) he must go to them in order to gain them; (3) he must attract rather than drive; (4) he must use instrumentalities adapted to his purpose; (5) he must be patient.

III. Labor for souls is vain without Jesus.

IV. Labor for souls is successful in obedience to Jesus' word.

V. Love to Jesus is the foundation of work for men's souls.

VI. The Christian is to be like a shepherd, in feeding, guiding, guarding the flock.

LESSON VIII.—NOVEMBER 21.

WALKING IN THE LIGHT.—1 John 1 : 5-10; 2 : 1-6

COMMIT VERSES 1 : 7-9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

If we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His son cleanseth us from all sin.—1 John 1 : 7.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Blessed are they who walk in the light of God.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 1 John 1 : 1-10.
T. 1 John 2 : 1-29.
W. 1 John 3 : 1-24.
Th. 1 John 4 : 1-21.
F. 1 John 5 : 1-21.
Sa. 2 John 1 : 1-13.
Su. 3 John 1 : 1-14.

TIME.—This Epistle was written about A.D. 90.

PLACE.—Probably at Ephesus.

RULERS.—Domitian, the last of the twelve Cæsars, Emperor of Rome.

AUTHOR.—St. John, the apostle, author of the Gospel of John.

To Whom.—*To Christians in general, not to a particular church.*

INTRODUCTION.—God as light, and God as love, are the key-notes of this Epistle. The verses previous to the lesson are an introduction or prologue.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

5. HEARD OF HIM : from Jesus, by His words and by His example. GOD IS LIGHT : light is the best symbol of God; it is immaterial, mysterious, omnipresent, glorious, undefiled, the source of life, beauty, comfort, visibility, health, and power. God is to our spirits what the sun is to the world, the source of life, health, joy, truth, holiness, spiritual beauty, and glory. NO DARKNESS : no error, deceit, ignorance, sin, or death. 7. WALK IN THE LIGHT: the same light in which God lives. WE HAVE FELLOWSHIP ONE WITH ANOTHER : because all alike are true, sincere, holy, pure. If we are all like God, we must be like one another. THE BLOOD OF JESUS CHRIST : His sufferings and death, and the love expressed thereby. CLEANSETH US FROM ALL SIN : washes away all our past guilt, and cleans our hearts from the disposition to sin; by justification and sanctification. 9. HE IS FAITHFUL: to His promises, AND JUST; His sense of justice is satisfied by the atonement. He does not lose His justice in His mercy. 1. AN ADVOCATE : In the Greek this is the same word translated Comforter, when speaking of the Holy Spirit (John 14 : 16, 26; 15 : 26). See Lesson 3, 3rd Quarter. Jesus is our defender before God's judgment bar, and pleads for our forgiveness for His own sake. And in all this He is a Comforter. 2. PROPITIATION : one who makes it possible for God to pardon us by His atonement. 5. IN HIM IS THE LOVE OF GOD PERFECTED : our love to God is perfect when all our actions flow from it, so that they are perfectly conformed to God's word. God's word is the expression of what perfect love naturally does.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Who wrote this epistle? When? Where? To whom?

SUBJECT: WALKING IN THE LIGHT OF GOD.

I. GOD IS LIGHT (v. 5).—What message did God send us? By whom? In what way? In what respects is God like light? What does light do for us? How is God like this to us? What is God said to be in chap. 4 : 8, 16, of this same epistle? What kind of an idea do these two words give you of God? What is meant by darkness here?

II. FOUR FRUITS OF WALKING IN THE LIGHT (vs. 6-10).—What is it to walk in the light?

FIRST FRUIT.—How does walking in the light give us fellowship with God? (v. 6.) Show how v. 6 is true. What are some of the blessings of fellowship with God?

SECOND FRUIT.—How does walking in the light cause us to have fellowship with one another? (v. 7.) What are some of the blessings of that fellowship?

THIRD FRUIT.—What is meant by "the blood of Jesus?" From what does it cleanse us? What is it to be cleansed from all sin? How does the blood of Jesus do this? Do all persons, even Christians, need this cleansing? (v. 8.)

What is the FOURTH FRUIT? (v. 9.) What must we do to be forgiven? Does forgiveness for Jesus' sake tend to cleanse us from all unrighteousness?

III. THE SAVIOUR WHO ENABLES US TO WALK IN THE LIGHT (vs. 1, 2).—What was John's object in writing to us? Should this be our own aim? What two things is Jesus called in these verses; What is an advocate? What is a propitiation? For whom did Jesus make His atonement? What joy and what duty follow from this fact?

IV. THE TEST WHETHER WE ARE WALKING IN THE LIGHT (vs. 3-6).—What is it to know God? How may we know that we know Him? Show why this is true. What is the test of perfect love? What is meant by "walk" in v. 6? How ought we to walk? If we do not walk so, what does it prove?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. God is Light and Love, the two most beautiful and desirable things in existence.

II. Sin is darkness, and tends to ignorance, deceit, error, sorrow, and death.

III. Christians are like one another, so far as they are like God.

IV. Fellowship brings comfort, mutual help, sympathy, love, higher lives, broader knowledge, better work.

V. The great needs of men are forgiveness and cleansing.

VI. The more we live in God's light, the more conscious we are of our imperfections.

VII. The Gospel salvation is large enough for the whole world.

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THE GREELEY EXPEDITION.

(Ellice Hopkins, in Sunday Magazine.)

(Concluded.)

As the cutter struck the ice, Lieutenant Colwell jumped off and went up to him. He was a ghastly sight. His cheeks were hollow, his eyes wild, his hair and beard long and matted. As he spoke his utterance was thick and mumbling, and in his agitation his jaws worked in convulsive twitches. As the two met the man, with a sudden impulse, took off his glove and shook Colwell's hand.

"Where are they?" said Colwell, briefly.

"In the tent," said the man, pointing over his shoulder, "over the hill—the tent is down."

"Is Mr. Greeley alive?"

"Yes, Greeley's alive."

"Any other officers?"

"No." Then he repeated absently, "The tent is down."

"Who are you?"

"Long."

Hastily bidding the coxswain take Long to the cutter, the others rushed up the rocky slope in the direction the man had pointed. Reaching the brow of the hill, there on a little elevation directly in front stood the tent. Hurrying across the intervening hollow, they were met by Brainerd just outside the tent, while a feeble cry was heard from within: "Who's there?"

"It's Norman," replied one of the men, who had been with them on their voyage out.

This was followed by cries of "Oh, it's Norman," and a sound like a faint husky little cheer.

Meanwhile one of the relief party, sobbing like a child, was down on his hands and knees trying to move the stones that held down the flapping tent cloth, the proper ingress having been blown down. Lieutenant Colwell solved the difficulty by calling for a knife and cutting a slit in the tent cover and looking in.

It was a sight of horror. Close to the opening, with his head facing it, lay what was apparently a dead man. His jaw was dropped, his eyes were open, but fixed and glassy, his limbs were motionless. On the opposite side was a poor fellow, alive, to be sure, but without hands or feet, and with a spoon tied to the stump of his right arm. Two others seated on the ground in the middle had just got hold of a rubber bottle. They were engaged in giving their last drop of rum to their apparently lifeless comrade, mindful to the last of the one most in need. Directly opposite, on his hands and knees, was a dark man, with a long matted beard, in a dirty and tattered dressing-gown, and brilliant staring eyes.

"Who are you?" asked Colwell.

The man made no answer, staring at him vacantly.

"Who are you?" again.

One of the men spoke up: "That's the Lieutenant, Lieutenant Greeley."

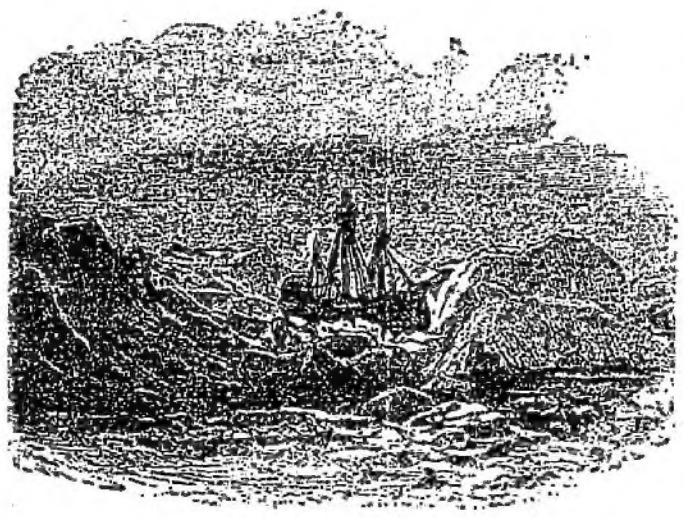
Colwell crawled in, and took him by the hand, saying to him, "Greeley, is this you?"

"Yes," said Greeley in a faint, hollow voice, hesitating and shuffling with his words, "Yes—seven of us left—here we are—dying—like men. Did what I came to do—beat the best record."

Then he fell back exhausted.

Life was all but extinct. Colwell fed them at once with a little biscuit and pemmican, which they munched deliberately. All hunger had ceased. But with the first few mouthfuls of food it revived with all the force of a drunkard's craving for rum, and it was with the utmost difficulty that Lieutenant Colwell could control their frantic entreaties for more than in their exhausted condition was safe for them to take. The surgeons were signalled for and were soon on shore. Warm beef-tea and milk punch was administered every ten minutes; and at last the spark of life left was fanned into a faint flickering flame, and it was thought safe to remove them to the comfortable ship cabins. This could only be accomplished with danger and difficulty, and at the cost of a severe wetting, the gale having now increased to a hurricane. Major Greeley's clothes were cut off, and heavy flannels carefully warmed were substituted, and he was comfortably installed in Norman's berth and seemed none the worse.

For some time Major Greeley's life hung in the balance, but at length he was brought round. Perhaps the photograph of his wife and children, which his rescuers with thoughtful tenderness had brought with them, helped to restore him as much as the warmth and the good nourishment. Connell, the man who seemed to be dead, also recovered. But the poor crippled Elison's state from the first was felt to be almost hopeless, though owing to his comrades' tender consideration for him he was the least exhausted of the party. With the good nourishment, came inflammation in the injured parts. Everything that human skill and care could do for him was done An operation was tried as a forlorn hope, but the poor fellow sank, and on July 6th he passed painlessly and quietly away having survived his terrible injuries 8 months. Without hands and without feet, during those eight months he had probably done a greater work than they all; for his helplessness had brought out the great truth that all true manhood thinks first of the weak, and sacrifices itself and not others; that the fiercest appetites and passions of our nature can be subordinated to the service of those who are placed helpless in our power; and that under the most maddening temptations, we can be true to the great trusts of our manhood.

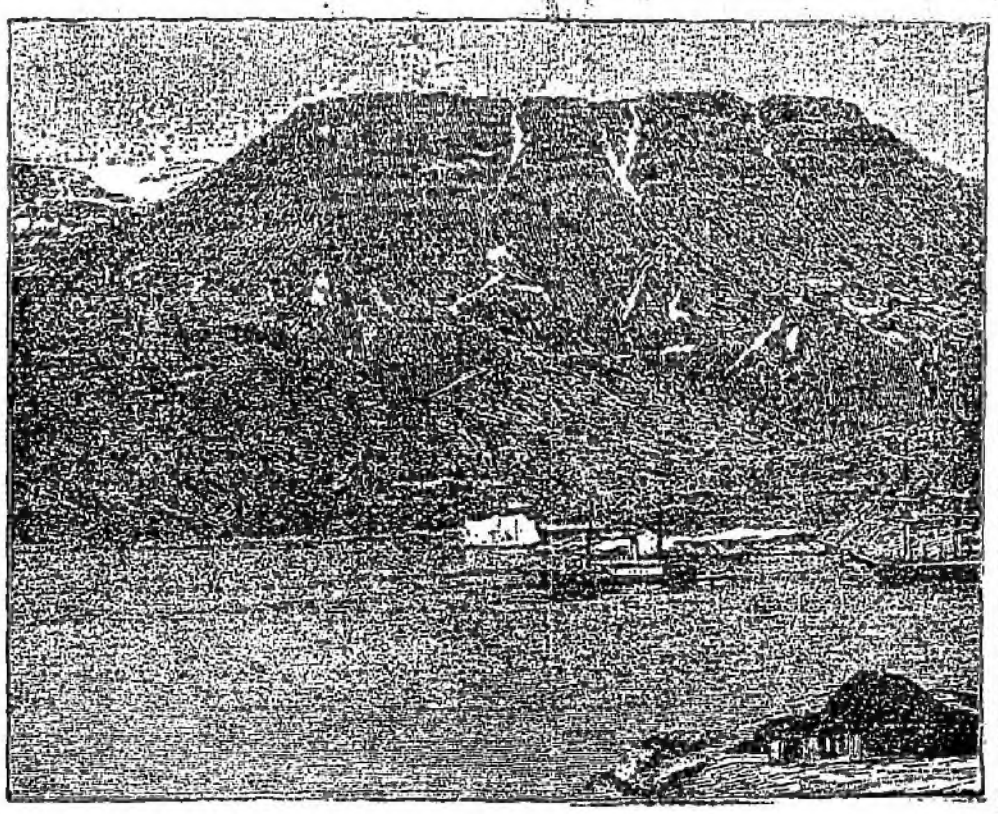


IN THE ICE.

The reception the relief squadron met, when at length it reached the great American port, named from the English Portsmouth, defies description. At two o'clock, on a beautiful August afternoon, the "Thetis," the "Bear," and the "Alert," bearing their sacred freight of the living and the dead, steamed into the harbor headed by the flagship "Alliance." The shores of the river on both sides were lined with people wildly cheering and waving their hats. The harbor was filled with steamers, sail boats, and small craft of every description, all of them dressed with flags and streamers. The crews of the great ships of war swarmed in the rigging to greet them as they sailed past. As the relief ships came one by one to anchor, the band of the flagship played "Home again," and the crews in the rigging gave them cheer on cheer, which was caught up and carried along the shore. At the same moment the barge of the Secretary of the Navy, who had come down to give them an official welcome, left the flagship with Mrs. Greeley, who was the first person to come on board the "Thetis." She met her hero alone in the little cabin.

A sadder ceremony yet remained to be performed. On the morning of the 5th the relief ships reached New York, and gave up the bodies of the dead who had laid down their lives in their country's service, and whose remains had been brought home to find their last resting-place in their native land. The batteries of the 4th and 5th Artillery were drawn up on the wharf at Government Island to receive them, and pay them military honors. The bodies were placed on military caissons and taken to the chapel, the long line of troops drawn up presenting arms to each as they passed, in token that they had died as true soldiers, slain but not conquered. At the chapel they were given up to their friends. All, but one whom no loving hands received; but he lies in his dishonored grave apart, the man who made the strength of his appetites an excuse for sacrificing others to save himself, and who let the beast within him slay the man.

I feel as if any poor words of mine would only weaken the force of this pathetic narrative. Only let us remember that this is the stuff of which our race is made, and let us "go and do likewise." Thinking what this life of ours is, how many poor hungry souls there are all round us; how many a soul waiting a rescue party that never comes; how little light and warmth there is for us all in a world like this, where thousands of men and women are ground down by misery and shame; we at least will not plunder the little light and warmth there is, to squander it on our own ease and gratification; we will not get our pleasures out of other people's tears, cramming our own lusts, not caring who goes hungry and desolate so we be filled. Nay, but thinking on such men as Gordon and Greeley, as the men of Camp Clay and the men on the "Birkenhead," we too will determine to do our best, and in the strength of our God, in the name of Jesus Christ who loved us and gave Himself for us, we will live and die, not like brutes, but like men.



DISCO ISLAND, WHERE ONE OF THE SURVIVORS DIED ON THE VOYAGE HOME.

FOR ONE, I read little in vacation. It is my experience that fallow ground is not foolish ground. To let the mind lie *fallow* is to be astonished, later on, at the wealth of material that it has unconsciously accumulated.—*Emory I. Haynes.*

HOW ROSIE HELPED.

Her name was Rosalie, but she was such a little creature that it seemed more natural to call her Rosie.

Besides, she was always among the roses. On this morning while her father talked with Dick, she hovered between the study and the flower garden, now gathering her flowers, now peeping her head into the study to see if papa was not almost through and ready to talk to her. She was shy of Dick; he was a new boy, had only been with them a few days, and papa more than suspected he was not a good boy; so Rosie had strict orders not to visit him in the stable, or have any talk with him unless papa or some one else was within hearing. Only this morning papa had heard Dick use language which made him feel afraid that he ought not to keep him in his employ. Yet how sorry he was for poor orphan Dick, that nobody seemed to care for!

He tried to make him feel that he was his friend; tried to rouse him to want to be a man, and to overcome his grave faults. "You are just the age of my boy Harris," Rosie heard her father say, "and he is just about your size. Harris is a grand boy; he never gave his mother an hour of anxiety, and I can trust him anywhere. I have such faith in his word that when he says a thing, I do not have to inquire into it, I know it is true. Isn't it worth while for a boy to have such a character as that? Don't you think you would enjoy hearing people say: 'That thing is so, you may depend on it, for Dick Sanders told me, and he is to be trusted, you know.'"

Dick shifted uneasily from one foot to the other, and his face seemed to be growing red over some feeling, Rosie's papa was not sure what. At last he said, "It is all very well for a boy like yours to be honest, and all that; why shouldn't he be? Look what chances he has had; and then look what chances I've had! Kicked and cuffed about the world all my life; nobody cares what becomes of me. I heard you pray for Harris this morning, and I thought of it then. There never was a person in this world who cared enough for me to make a prayer about me!"

What a strange boy Dick was! For a moment Rosie's father did not know what to say. Just then Rosie, her head framed in the window, where she had been standing for a few minutes, her hands full of flowers, her face sweetly grave, spoke her troubled thought: "Didn't Jesus pray for you when he lived here? That time when he said, 'Now I pray for all who shall believe on me?"

Dick started so suddenly as to nearly overturn the little table on which he leaned, turned to the window, and looking steadily at Rosie, said hoarsely: "What do you mean?"

"Why, that time, don't you know? When he prayed for his disciples; then he said, 'neither pray I for these alone,' and after that he prayed for everybody who should ever live, who would love him and mind him. If you mean to mind him, he prayed for you, too, mamma told me. Don't you mean to mind him? Because it isn't nice to leave yourself out of his prayer."

Wise little Rosie! Papa said not another word. He thought Dick had gotten his sermon, text and all. Neither did Rosie say any more; she did not know she had preached a sermon.

She went away, humming,

I am so glad that our Father in heaven,
Tells of His love in the book He has given.

Years and years after that, when Rosie was nineteen, one day she went to church in a city five hundred miles away from her childhood home, and she heard a man preach on these words: "Neither pray I for these alone, but for all them which shall believe on me through their words." It was a grand sermon; Rosalie Pierson thought she had never heard one more wonderful. At the close of service the minister came straight to her seat, held out his hand and said: "It was a blessed text, Miss Pierson; I never forgot the sermon you preached from it. I know now that the Lord Jesus prayed for me that day. And I know that I believe on him through your words."

"Why!" said Rosalie, in astonishment, "I don't understand, this surely cannot be—"

"Yes," said the minister, "I am Dick."

—*Pansy.*

"THE LITTLE SHOES—THEY DID IT ALL."

"One night on the verge of ruin,
As I hurried from the tap,
I beheld the landlord's baby
Still on its mother's lap.
'Look here, dear father,' said the mother,
Holding forth the little feet,
'Look, we've got new shoes for darling!
Don't you think them nice and neat?'
You may judge the thing was simple—
Disbelieve me if you choose;
But, my friends, no fist e'er struck me
Such a blow as those small shoes.
And they forced my brain to reason;
'What right,' said I, standing there,
'Have I to clothe another's children,
And to let my own go bare?'
It was in the depth of winter;
Bitter was the night and wild;
And outside the flaring gin-shop
Stood my starving wife and child.
Out I went and clutched my baby,
Saw its feet so cold and blue:
Fathers! if the small shoe smote me,
What did those poor bare feet do?
Quick I thrust them in my bosom!
Oh, they were so icy chill!
And their coldness like a dagger
Pierced me. I can feel it still.
Of money I had but a trifle,
Just enough to serve my stead;
It bought shoes for little baby,
And a single loaf of bread.
The loaf served us all the Sunday,
And I went to work next day;
Since that time I have been teetotal.
That is all I've got to say."

—*Selected.*

SIX O'CLOCK IN THE EVENING.

It was six o'clock and after, but the little Burtons were not in Grandma's room. Instead, they were wandering drearily through the quiet halls, uncertain what to do with their desolate little selves. No story for them to-night. It was not that they had forgotten to select their verse. It was little Sarah's turn, and she had chosen the one so easy to learn, "It is finished."

The others had agreed that they were glad for little Sarah's choice, because they did not see how grandma could make a story about it, but they knew she could, for Grandma never failed on a Bible verse.

Besides, they had shown her their choice, and she had promised to be ready.

Then what was the trouble? Why, simply this: Grandma had gone away! This in itself was something very strange to the Burton children. During all the years which they could remember, Grandma had not been away from home after the gas was lighted. Whoever might come or go, whatever changes occurred in their young lives, they were sure of Grandma, safe in Grandma's room.

Now they looked sorrowfully at one another, and could not seem to make it possible that she was gone.

Then too, all the circumstances of her going had been so strange!

On Sundays, when she went to church, the carriage always waited at the door until she and Grandpa came down the stairs, and he helped her in, and took his seat beside her.

When, on rare occasions, she went into town to spend the morning with aunt Alice, there was always a little bustle in the house of getting her ready. Mamma packed a bag, with her cap and her other spectacles and her knitting, and went, at Grandma's direction, to such a drawer and such a shelf for packages ready to be taken to aunt Alice's children. And when she was quite ready, they all trooped down to the carriage to see her off, and if the weather was chilly, Ann followed with an extra wrap for her feet, or, if it was warm, with a palm leaf fan; and always Grandpa sat beside her and arranged the cushion at her back, and papa as he held open the carriage door to say good-by, would add: "Now, mother, John will come for you not later than three; don't you worry."

But with this going away there had been no such careful and yet cheerful preparations. No bag had been packed; it hung at this moment on its hook in Grandma's clothes-press. No carriage had waited; nothing had been said about going away. They had been sitting in the deepening twilight in Grandma's room, the children and mamma; Grandpa had been reading aloud a little bit about an old hymn, and Grandma had said: "They used to sing that a great deal when I was a girl. They have left out one verse that I used to like. It was about spring. I always think of it these October days when winter is near. I never did quite like winter, and I just enjoy thinking of a country where it can't come," and then Grandma had lifted up her sweet old voice and sung:

There everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers,
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
That heavenly land from ours.

Grandma's voice was low, but very sweet. The children loved to hear her sing. They thought their mother liked it, too, and they were hushed and a trifle startled as they looked over at her in the dim light and saw that she was brushing away tears from her face. This sight kept them *still for a little*, and the twilight deepened. Grandma leaned back in her chair, and Grandpa rested his chin on his hand and seemed lost in thought.

Presently, mamma said: "Mother, would you like to have the gas lighted now, or do you want to sit in the dark a while longer?"

But Grandma made no answer, and Grandpa, after a moment, arose and bent over her in a startled way, and the children were frightened when they heard his voice, and frightened more still, at his words:

"O, Helen, she is gone!"

Gone! What could Grandpa mean?—when she sat in her arm chair, and they could see in the fast fading light, a *smile on* her face!

There had been great confusion after that—hurrying up and down stairs, slamming of doors, ringing of bells, but none of these things disturbed Grandma. It was true, as Grandpa had said, she was gone!

Little Sarah did not understand it. Grandma was lying on a couch in her room, her beautiful satin hair combed smoothly, her beautiful hands folded, and a flower between her fingers, but she slept and slept, all day. The children tried to explain it to little Sarah, but it seemed so sad, and so mysterious even to them, that they did not succeed well. And now as the twilight fell again, they felt so utterly alone without Grandma that they could not keep back their tears as they went on tiptoe past her closed door. It opened suddenly, and Grandpa came out. Marion noticed that he stooped as he walked, and he seemed a great deal older than he ever had before.

Little Sarah's tear-stained face seemed to stop him, and he stooped and took her by the hand.

"Poor children!" he said. "You are lonesome too."

Marion tried to hush little Sarah, lest she should deepen Grandpa's sorrow, but the little girl sobbed outright.

"We want our story; it is the time for it. She said she would, and she always did, and I can't wake her up!"

Grandpa's lip quivered, but he kept close hold of the little hand, and led the way. "Come with Grandpa, all of you," he said, and they went to the study.

A cheerful fire was burning in the grate, and Grandpa's arm chair was near it. He sat down, took little Sarah in his arms, and questioned about the story.

"Yes," he said with trembling lip, "that is true, it is finished."

"What is, Grandpa?" Little Sarah was the only one who could talk. "Grandpa, I want the story about it."

"I'll try to tell it," said Grandpa. "This is the story, little Sarah; Grandma has finished all the tears; she will never cry again. She has finished all the trouble; she will never have any more. She has finished all the sickness; she will never have another ache nor pain. She has even finished the dying"—and he tried to keep his voice steady—"death can never touch her again. She has gone up to live with God, whom she loved, and to wait and watch for us all."

"Why, then, we ought to be happy!" exclaimed little Sarah, and her voice was very bright. "I love Grandma enough to be happy if she is glad. Don't you?" A faint smile trembled for a moment on Grandpa's lips, as he said:

"Grandpa will try, Sarah; he will try hard. He has only a little while to wait before his story, too, will be finished."—*Pansy.*

I WOULD NOT CHOOSE.

BY ESTHER CONVERSE.

The light burned dim in the sick room, and cast long, shapeless shadows upon the wall. The nurse from her low seat by the fire glanced uneasily towards the bed where restless movements indicated the wakeful condition of her charge. She arose and went to the bedside to smooth again the pillows, and again offer the cooling drink.

"I cannot sleep," said the sufferer, whose bright eyes gleamed with more than natural brilliancy. "How long the night is!"

The nurse soothed her with gentle words, and turned away with an anxious face. Entering an adjoining room where the mother lay in heavy sleep, she softly awoke her.

"Alice has not slept," she said. "I fear the most serious consequences if she does not rest to-night. Can it be that something weighs upon her mind? It seems like that."

"I will go to her," said the mother; and in a few moments she had taken her usual place by the bedside.

"Alice," she said, taking her hand, "can you not sleep?"

"No, mother, I seem to grow more wakeful and restless. Tell me, mother, am I going to die?"

"I *hope not*, dear; we think you will be better soon if you rest well to-night."

"What does the doctor say? Does he think there is hope?"

"He thinks there is hope, but there is danger also. I tell you the truth, my child, for I know you do not fear death."

"I do, mother," and the flushed face wore an expression of acute distress. "I cannot die yet; I am not ready. I think I love my Saviour; I have given myself to Him, but I want to live in this beautiful world. Heaven is so indistinct; we know so little of it. I want to live so very much, mother."

The appealing look that accompanied these last words gave the mother strength.

"I *hope you may*, dear, but you know our times are in His hand. I love to think of death as a sleep from which we shall awake in heaven."

"But I do not want to go to heaven now," said the agitated girl, "I want to live longer."

"Listen to me, Alice," replied the mother, holding firmly the restless hands. "Would you like to live until old age takes from you sight, hearing, strength and intellect?"

"Oh, no! not so long as that."

"You would rather stay here to see more suffering, sorrow and care; to lose *father*, mother, brother, sisters, one by one, until you are the last of the family?"

"Oh, no, mother, no!"

"Would you wait until you enter the new home that will be made desolate by your death; leaving, perhaps, children who need a mother's care? Would it be better to live until new pursuits, new *friendships*, new ties bind you more firmly, and lead you, perhaps, to wander from your Saviour?"

The restless hands grew more quiet, the excited expression of the eyes more mild, as she answered,

"I could not choose the time, mother."

"It will come to us all soon or late. Would you choose to die in a *foreign land*, by accident, by loathsome disease, dear, or here quietly with loved ones by your side?"

"I would go when He wills, and as He wills, mother. Please tell Him so for me, and let me say 'Thy will be done.'"

When the mother arose from her knees, she saw a look of peace upon the troubled face, and a sweet smile *accompanied the* scarcely audible, "Thy will be done." The bright eyes closed, the restless movements ceased, and Alice slept. Once she awoke, and with a smile repeated,

"Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine
Nor ever murmur nor repine;
Content whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis God's hand *that leadeth me.*"

In the morning, when her mother entered the room, she greeted her with a glad smile, saying, "I am better, mother; can it be that I am to get well?"

When assured of the strong hopes entertained she asked,—

"Why should I live? It seems better to go now."

Gently the mother repeated,—

"Lord, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give."

"Then if my life is given me, it will be that I may serve Him, that I may do good in the world; I will not forget that."

The patient, docile spirit contributed largely to her recovery, and health soon returned to Alice. She is still living; she has passed through seasons of sorrow, suffering and trial. She has been called to part with children and friends near and dear, but her life seems ever to repeat,—

"Content whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis God's hand that leadeth me."

Question Corner.—No. 22.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

BIBLE ALPHABET.

A was a monarch who reigned in the east,
B a Chaldean who made a great feast.
C was veracious when others told lies.
D was a woman, heroic and wise.
E was a refuge where David spared Saul.
F was a Roman accuser of Paul.
G was a garden, a frequent resort.
H was a city where David held court.
I was a mocker, a very bad boy.
J was a city preferred as a joy.
K was a father, whose son was quite tall.
L was a proud one who had a great fall.
M was a nephew whose uncle was good.
N was a city long hid where it stood.
O was a servant, acknowledged a brother.
P was a *Christian greeting* another.
R was a damsel who knew a man's voice.
T was a seaport where preaching was long.
U was a teamster struck dead for his wrong.
V was a cast off, and never restored.
Z was a ruin with sorrow deplored.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Who are spoken of as three typical righteous men who yet could not deliver the land by their righteousness as it had gone so far astray?
2. What two men are spoken of in Jeremiah as examples of successful intercessors?
3. Would their intercession have been successful in the given case?
4. Where is Job spoken of in the New Testament?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS NO. 21.

Samuel, Ahab, Eli, Lois, Saul.

BIBLE SCENE.—Acts 23. 16-35.

1. Exodus 7. 9.
2. Exodus 40. 20, 21.
3. 2 Chron. 27. 4.
4. 2 Chron 20. 11.

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